



CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

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NO. 3.

About a Tea Party.

Mrs. Dyer
Stirred the fire,
Agnes Stout
Poked it out,
Tommy Voles
Fetched the coals,
Alice Good
Laid the wood,
Bertie Patch,
Struck the match,
Charlotte Hays
Made it blaze,
Mrs. Groom
Kept the broom.
Katy Moore
Swept the floor,
Fanny Froth
Laid the cloth,
Arthur Grey
Brought the tray,
Betty Bates
Washed the plates,
Nanny Galt
Smoothed the salt,
Dickey Street
Fetched the meat,
Sally Strife
Rubbed the knife,
Minnie York
Found the fork,
Sophie Silk
Brought the milk,
Mrs. Broom
Sent some cream,
Susan Head
Cut the bread,
Harry Host
Made the toast,
Mrs. Dee
Poured out the tea,
And they all were as happy as could be.

—The Churchman.

A Journalist's Adventure.

That you may comprehend my narrative properly, it is necessary for you to know the precise circumstances under which I entered Paris in the month of August, in the year 1867. When a man looks back upon his life, his memory commences with some particular incident which was so marked and peculiar that it cast its shadow upon all the succeeding years. So now, glancing over my shoulder, I find that I cannot recall any place in Europe, on my homeward tour, that lies behind Switzerland. For this reason, I shall alter Lord Byron's expression, and say, I awoke one morning, and found myself getting ready to go over the Pass of the Simplon.

Whether I ever went over this pass, I don't know; but I am quite certain that it was perplexing to me some time afterwards to suddenly find myself, first in Ferrara, then in Bologna, and then in Modena, then in Parma, and then in various other places, all perfectly irreconcilable with any recognized ideas of geography; until Genoa, Avignon and Lyons were the dawn to the daylight of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. How my mind comes to be so much at fault upon these important points, it is impossible for me to say. I made my way, without reticence and comparatively without expense.

To say the truth I had no francs to spare. A man who subsists upon occasional remittances from a newspaper to which he is attached, and that newspaper a new speculation likely to evaporate at any moment, has neither a very sure nor a very liberal source of income. What francs I had, I secured about my waist to make certain of them, and as I told you, one evening in August crept into Paris.

It was well for me that an Englishman, whom I had known in Rome, had lived in Paris at the cheapest rate for a year or so, told me that the Rue Metternich was the most obscure and yet respectable street in all Paris, and that food and lodging actually cost there next door but one to nothing.

After some difficulty, I found the Rue Metternich, conveniently hidden between two great streets, and looked out for No. 90. The houses all seemed to belong to noble old families that had spent all their money, and were forced to maintain very reduced establishments in retired localities. No. 90, with a fresh coat of paint and damask curtains at the windows, could have taken its place in the most fashionable street in any capital of Europe, and never be found out by anybody.

"Monsieur!" Turning around, I discovered that my train of reflection had been interrupted by as pretty a French girl as one might wish to see.

"Pardon! I would like to know, ma'amselle, if I can obtain lodging here. This is No. 90, I believe. Mr. Henry Brownsmith directed me to inquire at this house."

"Come in." Once in, I did not parley long. I must have a quiet room, not very difficult to select where all was quietness; and the price must be at least within the bounds of reason. My fair condottessa, who appeared to be the mistress of the establishment, as I saw nobody else, was quite a business woman, and lost no time in making a bargain. In

ten minutes I had agreed to take a chamber in the attic, for as long a time as I should need it, and had closed the arrangement by paying an installment for two weeks down.

On the next morning I took possession. I will not describe the happy life I led for a week or so after this. It embraced nothing but lounging about the city the greater part of the day, and writing my letters home in the evening. Having a weakness for gossip, I made them pretty long. Material was easily obtained by seeking out all the obscure places and having interviews with a variety of eccentric characters, seldom met with by tourists generally; and I know that some of the facts I gathered were certainly novel, if not interesting. I don't believe I ever spoke to a living creature for a whole week, except the eccentric characters in low life mentioned above; and I know I had nothing to say to anybody at my lodgings. At first, I began to think that the girl who had let me in, on my first evening, was the only person about the house, but after two or three days several old gentlemen—not a single young one—appeared on the staircase, just coming in or just going out, and once I descried an elderly lady entering a room on the floor immediately below.

Great, then, was my surprise one morning to hear the sound of a musical box proceeding from the apartment next door. It was the first greeting to my ears when I awoke. I got up, stole quietly across the floor, put my cheek to the wall, and listened.

"Exquisite! charming!" I cried, hunting for my stockings. "Would that I might be permitted to listen forever! I shall make it a point immediately to find out (where are my stockings?) to find out who it is that possesses the means of treating herself to this music at will. She shall become my bosom friend—I mean my bosom friend."

At that moment some one knocked at the door. "Enter!" I exclaimed, in a tragic tone. A gentleman came in, bowing and smiling most agreeably. He was a person in the prime of life, with iron-gray hair, great glittering eyes and a broad forehead. He said, "I have come, Monsieur, to apologize for making music so early in the morning. I disturbed you."

"What!" I cried, "are you the musician in whose head rests the power to thrill every nerve of a man's organization? Let me hear your sublime melody once again, and I shall die in peace."

"Monsieur is welcome to my poor music. I shall be proud to have the honor of making it play for him again." "Instantly, if you value my happiness!" was my rejoinder, thrusting myself into my clothes. "But stay, I've had nothing to eat. Shall I eat the music before I hear my breakfast—I mean, shall I eat my breakfast before I hear the music?"

"As Monsieur chooses."

"Then I choose to hear the music first. Lead the way, if you please." The old gentleman appeared to be delighted. Smiling and nodding his head, until I looked for it to be suddenly twisted off, he took me across the passage, and into his chamber. There was nothing there but a bed, a chair, a table, three or four musical instruments, and the sublime musical-box.

"Monsieur charms me with his condescensions," said my conductor. "I hope you will believe," I replied, "that I am honored to be invited here."

He went over to the little table, took a key from his pocket, wound up the box, and placed his hand on a crank. Then looking at me with infinite pleasure, he said I should now hear the "Sophie Valse," by Strauss.

It was rapturous. Conceive a grand piano, played by a master, every note robbed of that harshness and acute force which are inseparable from it upon an instrument of the kind; imagine an orchestra of fairies; imagine anything likely to hold you entranced for hours, and you may obtain a faint idea of the music produced by my neighbor's box. When the piece was finished, I fell upon his neck. He patted me on the shoulder, and said I had a soul.

"You must breakfast with me," I returned. "What is your name?"

"Wolfgang Mozart d'Aubepine," he answered proudly.

"Then, Monsieur Wolfgang Mozart d'Aubepine, permit me to have the honor."

"Alas!" he returned, shrugging his shoulders, "I have already breakfasted."

To refuse seemed to break his heart. "Well, I will call upon you during the day—probably this evening."

"Come in the twilight; then you shall hear the 'Tempest of the Heart.'"

"I swear I will not disappoint you!" he melodramatically left him.

When evening came, I presented myself at his door, and was greeted enthusiastically. "Come in; come in," cried M. d'Aubepine.

How rapidly had our friendship grown! When we met now only for the second time in our lives, we seemed to have known each other for years. As for M. d'Aubepine, he was one of those men you cannot help liking. His manner was so full of artlessness and simplicity, his nature so impulsive and poetical, I could have sworn fidelity to him on the spot.

We went into the room together and sat down.

"You are devoted to music?" I said, glancing at the instrument hanging on the wall.

"It's my existence!" he replied.

"Do you perform on the violin?"

"Ah, Monsieur, only in imagination! You behold a real Stradivarius; but faith has ordained that I shall never wake its chords."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, deeply interested.

"Too true, unfortunately. But do not press me I beg. There are wounds in the heart that never heal; touch them and they bleed afresh."

His utterance claimed my instant sympathy. I besought him to believe that I should not recall such sad memories again.

"Ah, my friend," said he, "your kindness overpowers me! To a man whose past is bitterness, whose future is a blank, what can be sweeter than sympathy like yours?"

Then, to change the subject, I began to talk of travels. We compared our experiences, and I found that M. d'Aubepine had seen nearly every part of the world. He was full of anecdote and description, and I could have listened to him forever. Our interview lasted over two hours. When I arose to go, he said, "You have not yet heard my box this evening. May I set it going?"

"If you will favor me, Monsieur, I shall be delighted." He wound it up, and touched the crank, when solemnly and slowly, pealed forth that magnificent air, "Tempest of the Heart." Tears came into my eyes, and my whole being was subdued. While the wonderful melody was yet lingering in my ears, I pressed my companion's hand, and retired.

From this night dated the singular intimacy which existed between us until the catastrophe occurred which is to form the climax of my narrative. I spent hours and hours daily with M. d'Aubepine, always with pleasure and always with profit.

In this manner passed the rapid weeks, when one evening as we were sitting in the dark, with the door closed, I heard a sigh escape from my friend's breast that pained me beyond expression.

"You are melancholy," I said.

"I pray you will not let it trouble you," he answered.

"But under the circumstances of our friendship, there is no help for it," I rejoined. "I behold you suffer, and it grieves me to be able to afford no relief."

"Our friendship? Yes; you have been devoted to me, Monsieur, and I am truly grateful."

"The best proof of that will be to let me hear your sorrows," was my reply.

"Would that I might be allowed to breathe them forth in the melody of that violin! But it must not be."

I thought I perceived in his tone a very slight, though unmistakable, invitation to further scrutiny into his secrets, and I promptly began to press him. Finally, he answered "I am a political exile."

"You have risked your life in returning to France?"

"Yes. Three weeks ago I set my foot on the pavements of Paris, for the first time in fifteen years. I found my friends dead, my home desolate, myself hopelessly ruined. You, Monsieur, an Englishman, know the blessings of liberty. Would you not die rather than lose it?"

"I would perish at my fireside," I exclaimed, rising in my seat, "in defence of my sacred rights."

"What, then, do you think when you look across the sea and behold so many nations in chains?"

"What do you think?" I demanded.

"A thousand times have I been upon the point of springing to their aid. Should France rise, at the moment when the tocsin sounded I should seize my musket and fly to the streets."

"You would bare your breast to guard poor, abused France!" cried M. d'Aubepine, pacing the room in an ecstasy of delight.

"Yes," I replied, in tones that rang through the room. "Yes, I would be her shield. I should fall lifeless at her feet rather than surrender!"

"Come to my arms, my brave friend—my brother. But," whispered M. d'Aubepine, "what if it were necessary

to work in the dark, to plot in secret, to mine, to lay the track of gunpowder; shall you be wanting?"

"No; I should be the most zealous conspirator of the band. Ah, sir, the mysterious, the unfathomable is my element! My face, when I choose, is an impenetrable mask."

"My dearest brother!" exclaimed M. d'Aubepine, falling upon my neck in a transport of affection, "it is late now. Good night! I fear to sit up longer. You know nearly all my secrets. Tomorrow you shall hear the rest. Once more, good night!"

That night, as I lay wooing sleep, there rose upon the midnight air the glorious strains of the "Marseillaise." The harmony came from the music box of my poor neighbor, the exile.

On the next morning I sought his chamber the instant I heard him moving about. It was hardly more than an hour after sunrise, but I longed to have a full confession, as he had promised. I resumed the subject immediately upon greeting him. At first he seemed unwilling, but, finally, he caused me to sit on the bed while he sat by me. We spoke in whispers.

"Shall I reveal all?" he asked.

"Yes, without reservation."

"I am a conspirator."

"That is your mission in France at the present time?"

"Yes. I risk my life—but what is such a life as mine?"

I had not expected this. The revelation I own frightened me. I began to display my uneasiness.

"Sir," continued M. d'Aubepine, "I have entrusted you with my secret. As a man of honor, you must share my danger. You must aid me."

"How is that possible?" I demanded. "I also have a mission here."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in some surprise. "Yes! My relations with my own country will not permit me to take such a step as you propose."

"Your mission is private?"

"Yes; in a measure."

"Then I give you three weeks to consider. But remember that I hold you on oath. Treachery shall meet with instant death. Beware!"

His manner had suddenly changed; I think mine had likewise. Bitterly did I now regret my enthusiasm of the night before. My first impulse was to have nothing more to do with him from that moment. I arose very much confused, and left the room.

I never was so miserable in all my life as during the rest of that day. I quit my lodgings after breakfast, and wandered about the streets until after nightfall. I cursed my folly a thousand times. At last I came to the determination that I would leave Paris on the following morning.

It was quite dark before I returned to the Rue Metternich, and I stole upstairs quietly as a mouse. Before retiring, I packed up my things. I was resolved to fly at daybreak.

I had not been asleep more than two hours, when I was aroused by a loud knocking at the door. I got up somewhat perplexed, and opened it. The landing outside was filled with soldiers, each carrying his gun and a lantern.

"You are Mr. Adolphus St. Jermyn?" asked a sergeant.

"I am."

"You must dress and come with me."

While I was getting ready, I saw through the open door three soldiers standing on the steps, apparently guarding some one. A second glance revealed the features of the prisoner to be those of M. d'Aubepine.

"I am lost," thought I.

I will not detail how I was taken through the streets that night, and cast into prison until the following morning; nor how I was agitated with fear and wonder at my unexpected arrest; nor how it annoyed me to find that M. d'Aubepine gave me no sign of recognition or encouragement; nor how I was troubled to think of some means by which I might be extricated from my really perilous position. I will only say that I was brought before the officials the next morning, and accused of being a spy.

"I demand to see your witness," was my rejoinder. "Where is he who can prove anything against me?"

"You shall be satisfied," said the prefect.

There was a stir in the crowd, and a man stepped forth dressed in the full uniform of the French police. No longer bent with years—no longer childish and simple—no longer pleasant to see; but erect, keen, cold, merciless, stood confronting me no other man than Monsieur Wolfgang Mozart d'Aubepine!

The fact was, my secret movements, my writings home, my singular taste for obscure localities and people, had first attracted to me the attention of the detectives. One of their number, a very Vidocq in cunning and skill, was

set to become intimate with me, if possible, and to gather what information he might of my pursuits. The single incautious remark that I had a private mission caused my arrest. But a thought struck me to send for a member of the English embassy, which I did, and, in an hour or so, obtained my release.

Before leaving the office, I had an opportunity for a word or two with the sly rogue who got me into trouble.

"What was the real reason," I asked him, "that you never would perform on the violin?"

"Simply," said he, "because I did not know how."

THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS.

A Summary of Governor Rice's Address to the Legislature.

The first part of the address urges such legislation as shall secure a tenure of two and three years for representatives and senators, three or four years for the executive and one or two biennial sessions of the Legislature. Such a change, the Governor believes, will not only be economical, but will prevent much useless legislation.

STATE FINANCES.

The total debt of the State, for which its bonds or certificate of indebtedness are outstanding, is shown in the following exhibit:

Amount January 1, 1877.....	\$33,550,464
Troy and Greenfield railroad loan (new).....	\$370,000
Danvers' Hospital loan (new).....	150,000
Total new debt.....	\$520,000
Total.....	\$34,070,464
Norwich and Worcester road loan (paid).....	\$400,000
Union Fund loan of 1862 (paid).....	400,000
Northampton Lunatic Hospital loan (paid).....	50,000
Total paid.....	\$850,000

Amount outstanding January 1, 1878..... \$33,220,464

Reduction in 1877..... \$330,000
The debt is classified as railroad loans, \$17,738,996; war loans, \$10,668,188; ordinary loans, \$4,813,280.

The ordinary expenses of the government for the year 1877, as far as ascertained from actual payment and careful estimate, indicate a decrease of \$100,000 from 1876 and an aggregate reduction of \$200,000 since 1875. The exceptional expenditures exhibit a very much larger reduction during the two years referred to, while the aggregate decrease in both classifications will be nearly \$1,000,000. The estimated expenses for 1878 show a still further reduction, although the appropriations called for are in some instances, in excess of those granted in 1877. It is believed, however, that the estimated decreases will be successfully realized unless overcome by special legislative grants.

VALUATION.

For the statements of local assessors upon the valuation of the real and personal property in the several cities and towns of the Commonwealth returned to the office of the Secretary of State, it appears that the decline which began at the close of the year 1875, and which amounted to nearly \$71,000,000 in 1876 last, contrary to expectation, continued to increase, and for the year 1877 amounts to no less than \$101,082,778, making a total reduction in these two years of \$192,245,919.

TAXATION.

There is also a decline in the taxes imposed, and though not so great in proportion as during the previous year, still large enough to show that the tide has turned, and that the people are practicing economy in public expenditures. The total reduction of the tax levy within the whole State in 1876 was \$2,939,937, and in 1877 \$961,963, about \$300,000 of the latter being attributable to the reduction of the State tax from the previous year—namely, from \$1,800,000 to \$1,500,000.

SAVING BANKS.

The whole number of depositors in the savings institutions of the Commonwealth on the 31st of October last was 730,757, an increase of 486 for the year; while the total amount of deposits is \$244,596,614.18, being an increase over that of the previous year of \$1,255,971.43. In view of the unsettled financial condition of the country, the depression of business and the consequent lack of employment, this exhibit may be considered satisfactory, as it especially marks the confidence of the public generally in these institutions.

INSURANCE.

Owing to the withdrawal of several life insurance companies the income of the department in that branch will be somewhat less than in 1876. In the department of fire insurance there has been no considerable variation in the receipts.

CONDITION OF MANUFACTURES AND LABOR.

By the result of an investigation just closed, undertaken by the bureau of statistics of labor in cities and towns producing eighty-six per cent. of the whole products of the State, we are able to make an excellent comparison of the condition of our large industries in 1877 with that of 1875. In all there has been a decrease of an average of about nine per cent. in the wages paid; but there has been an increase of working time in days. The paper trade shows an increase of nineteen days over the working time of 1875; the manufacture of worsted goods twenty-seven days, and in the manufacture of cordage, cotton goods, carriages, straw goods, carpets and wool hats an increase of working time has been made, while in boots and shoes, leather and agricultural implements there has been neither increase nor decrease. On a gold basis the value of products from the manufacture of hats, carpets, straw goods, cordage, paper, worsted goods, whips, cigars, boots and shoes, cotton goods, leather, musical instruments and metallic goods, has increased from five per cent. to thirty-six per cent. over the products of 1875, while but few industries show a falling off. In nearly all there has been an increase in the quantity of goods made; but depression in prices, in some instances, places the value of products on the minus side of the account instead of on the plus side, where they belong when considered as to quantity. The results of the investigation lead to the belief that there are no great numbers of mechanics wholly out of employment, and that our industries are steadily working back to the condition they were in prior to the panic of 1873.

HEALTH.

The report of the board of health will show that the year which has just passed has been one of increased good health. No disease has shown marked prevalence, except diphtheria—a disease which has at times been the scourge of our race for the past three centuries, now prevalent for the fourth year in our State, and from which it is certain that the number of deaths will be quite large.

EDUCATION.

The present amount of public school fund is \$2,066,866.43; amount of the income thereof paid to cities and towns for the year 1876-77, \$76,320.07; total amount expended in maintenance of the public schools, including those in reformatory and charitable institutions, \$6,582,519.28, being \$13.87 for each child in the State between five and fifteen years of age; whole number of pupils of all ages in all the public schools during the year, 305,776.

All the cities and towns of the State have raised by taxation the amount required by law to be raised as the condition for receiving a share of the income of the school fund. The Governor says, also, that higher art education would be beneficial alike to the capitalists and the working classes.

HOOSAC TUNNEL.

Concerning the Hoosac Tunnel and Troy and Greenfield railroad, the Governor says he does not deem it practicable, in the present state of things, for the State to initiate any new policy.

MILITIA.

The volunteer militia of the commonwealth is composed of 3,775 enlisted men, and 873 commissioned officers, making a total of 4,648 men in the force. The sixty-one infantry companies contain each forty-eight men, the three cavalry companies each eighty-one men, and the three artillery companies each eighty men. The two corps of cadets contain 272 men; and there are ninety-two non-commissioned staff-officers. It is the nearly universal opinion that the companies are too small in number of men.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The State detective force, upon trial, to be somewhat defective in organization, and is of more doubtful value and of less public necessity than was originally anticipated. The Governor states that the yearly decrease in the receipts of State railroads since 1872-3, gives signs of coming to a close.

With respect to the public debt, he says that "not only should the public debts be paid and the currency restored to its nominal standard, according to promise made, but every honest effort is demanded for restoring the peace of the country as the surest way of reviving its prosperity and securing the happiness of the people."

In regard to civil service reform, with which subject he closes, Governor Rice says: "Massachusetts will also heartily support all practicable and just means to correct any evils in the civil service of the country, and is in full accord with the honest purpose of the President to render practical what has been so eloquently declared in convention by speech and resolution."

Items of Interest.

Favorite Hibernian toy—the Top of the morning.

The letter to which bachelors seem most inclined: Let 'er be.

Three Presidents lie buried in Tennessee—Jackson, Polk and Johnson.

The father, and not the husband, of a Russian woman, has supreme authority over her.

Russia estimates that next year's campaign will cost her about \$400,000,000 in gold.

In Mason county, Texas, sirloin steak is retailed for five cents per pound; fine fat turkeys, twenty-five cents per head.

"I've right," shouted a military officer to his company. "Well," grunted a green private, "nobody said you wasn't right."

Hereafter the "young man who didn't know it was loaded" should be incarcerated in the penitentiary with the kindly sentiment of "didn't think you'd mind it."

American horses are appearing in London in front of English carriages. A Kentucky horse worth \$125 can be transported to Liverpool for \$60 and then sold for \$300.

A lady residing near Sheffield, in England, died the other day. One relative survived her, an old sister. The lady left \$2,000,000, and of this great fortune her sister receives \$5,000.

The farmers of Santa Ana, Los Angeles county, Cal., are building a canal fifteen miles long by ten feet wide at a cost of \$50,000, by which 15,000 acres of land will be irrigated.

A dentist tried his first operation with gas upon a robust colored woman. After she had used up all the gas in the office, she wheeled in the chair and shouted: "Hurry up, and bring on another bag of that sweetened wind."

Could anything be neater than the old colored man's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor', Missus," said he. "I've used to lifting barrels of sugar."

A singular accident occurred on Satchell Creek, Kansas, recently. A party of hunters were loading up a team preparatory to starting for Wichita, when one of the men threw an axe into the wagon, which discharged a shotgun loaded with buckshot. The charge entered his head and he was killed instantly.

Out in Dakota the other day a stage load of passengers were compelled to hold their hands above their heads while a gang of highwaymen robbed them. One of the victims, who remarked: "This is a high handed piece of business," was allowed to keep his watch as a reward for his humor. Puns must be rare in the light atmosphere of the mountains.

OFF FOR FLORIDA.

"O come with me to the flowery land,
Where the 'gator sleeps on the shelly sand;
Where they raise in winter their garden truck,
And the orange and palm spring out of the muck;
Where they harness mosquitoes to pull their plows,
And rattlesnakes draw the milk from the cows."

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OFFICE.

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THE NARROW GAUGE.

In response to the call of the Selectmen, there was a large attendance at Town Hall, last Saturday evening, to decide for the Selectmen whether the proposed Mystic Valley R. R. should have the privilege of a location within the limits of the town of Arlington, Messrs. Durgin and Peck, of the Selectmen, having referred to approve the location desired by the managers of the road. Hon. John Schouler presided over the meeting, and spoke earnestly in favor of the road. H. Blanchard, Esq., of Boston, interested in the enterprise, explained the matter fully, and made the various objections raised, and Mr. S. W. Twombly, of Winchester, also spoke in advocacy of the road. Messrs. Peck and Durgin explained their position, and spoke against the location of the road within our limits, as did also Mr. John Osborn, but the meeting was evidently strongly in favor of the road, and the motion to instruct the Selectmen to sign the location was carried with only one dissenting vote, and that by neither of those who had spoken against the project. It must have been gratifying, under the circumstances, to Mr. Schouler.

We are in receipt of a plan of the road from Mr. Blanchard, which locates the road along the margin of Mystic Pond, crossing Mystic river near the residence of Mr. J. Russell, and so on through West Medford to the B. & M. R. R. In compliance with requests made to them, the management have petitioned the City of Cambridge for a hearing on a new line (a branch, as we understand it) through that city, to be held on the 23d inst., and it is done the road will continue along the west side of Mystic river; enter the City of Cambridge on the east side of Alewife Brook, near Clinton street in Ward 5; thence running along the westerly side of the Catholic cemetery near Dublin street, and crossing Concord avenue at or near Bonnell street, crossing Vassal lane between Sparks and Appleton streets; thence crossing Albion street at the junction of Sparks and Mount Auburn streets; thence following the banks of Charles River to Eliot and South streets; thence crossing Mill and Dyke streets, west of Flagg street, across Western avenue, near Blackstone street; thence following the river to Florence street, west of Henry street, to the Grand Junction Railroad; thence along the line of the railroads to nearly opposite Decatur street; thence south of Atlantic avenue to the river bank; thence by a bridge across the river to the foot of Pinckney street, Boston.

NEW YEAR CONCERT.—The annual new year concert of the Unitarian Sunday School was observed last Sabbath evening, in the vestry of the church, and was more than usually pleasant. Twenty-seven received prizes for not being absent during the year, and thirteen who had been absent but once were also remembered. One of the number has not been absent for five years, and another one has done equally as well for four years in succession. The school is in a most flourishing condition.

ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL.—This most excellent substitute for wheat flour is finding quick sales wherever offered, and a steady and increasing demand has grown up in many localities, notably here at home. Mr. Fowle has added materially to his facilities for manufacturing, and still hardly keeps pace with the demand. Ask your grocer for a sample package.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—The funeral of Mr. Abijah Frost, one of the oldest, and, we believe, one of the charter members of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., occurred last Thursday afternoon from Universalist church. The weather was decidedly unfavorable for a large attendance, still the large membership of the Lodge was well represented.

There will be an entertainment at the Universalist church vestry, next Wednesday evening, consisting of music and readings by Rev. W. H. Ryder, of Malden. The usual admission fee of 10c. will be charged, and all are invited.

It is of little use to try to make a great man out of the dead King of Italy. He was a fine figurehead, favored by fortune and forced forward by events and men that he could not have controlled if he had desired to.

The proprietors of the mills at Mechanicville, Conn., have been paying off their help in silver dollars. The manufacturers make a nice little sum, but they did not make any votes for the silver dollar.

WELCOME.

The Orthodox Congregational church was well filled, last Sunday evening, the occasion being a "Service of Welcome," on the part of the Sunday School, of the new pastor, Rev. J. Lewis Merrill. The exercises consisted of responsive readings of passages of Scripture, by the Superintendent, Mr. George M. Morse, the teachers, scholars and pastor, interspersed with singing, the whole making one of the most pleasant and appropriate services of the kind we have ever seen. The following verses were sung by the school, in response to appropriate texts read by the Superintendent.

Welcome! messenger of Jesus
To this house of his abode,
Loving hearts are here to greet thee,
Hearts that love thine own dear Lord.
Welcome! as a faithful shepherd
O'er this flock that Christ hath bought;
Feed us with the hidden manna,
Let us from his word be taught.
Welcome! as our Father's watchman
On the walls of Zion set,
To proclaim in Christ salvation,
Day by day, and night by night.
Welcome! O beloved pastor;
Welcome! watchman of our God;
Welcome! ever faithful shepherd;
Welcome! teacher of the word.
In the love of Christ our Saviour
We receive thee in his name;
Be it ours to bless and cheer thee,
Aid thy work and guard thy fame.

The greeting of the pastor by Mr. Morse, and Mr. Merrill's response, were both happy efforts, the latter identifying himself with the Sunday School work most fully.

We are glad this festival gives us an opportunity to speak of the floral decorations at the installation of Mr. Merrill, as the same flowers, crosses, etc., wonderfully well preserved, did elegant service on this occasion. They were arranged by Mrs. C. P. Sawyer and Mr. George Swan, and it is seldom that such pleasing effects are secured. The principal display was an elegant cross, but the bouquets, roses of ferns, leaves, grain, etc., and the tasteful festoons of smilax, gave a most pleasing effect, as they rested on the table and wings of the pulpit at the installation, and their being placed upon the pulpit, heightened the effect by giving all a better view.

CRYSTAL WEDDING.

Last Friday evening, Jan. 4th, the Bailey and Peirce families celebrated the crystal wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bailey, at their home on Appleton Court. It was a complete surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, and although it was a very stormy night, there was about thirty members of the families present, who brought with them many handsome presents appropriate for the occasion. At 7 o'clock the party sat down to a bountiful supper; before partaking of which, however, the following composition, written by a friend, was read in a very effective manner by Miss Amy E. Bailey.

'Twas a clear bright Sabbath morning,
Just fifteen years to-day,
When a young and happy couple,
To the Parson's made their way.
'Twas a quiet, peaceful wedding,
In the icy winter time;
The bell calling to worship
Pealed forth a marriage chime.
And thus, they began life together,
A simple, plain, beginning,
None of the "splurge," of later days
But a quiet private wedding.
The holy man who made them one,
Long since has gone to rest;
This genial friend, whom we all loved
Has passed to the home of the blest.
Yet out of the number who witnessed the vows,
Not a single one is missing,
And all are gathered here to-night
At a happy "Crystal Wedding."
The years that have passed, since that Sabbath morn'
Have been filled with joy and pleasure,
And health, prosperity, and peace,
Been given without measure.
And happy joyous children too
Have been given them by God,
Whose health, and strength, have been preserved
By the same kind, watchful Lord.
And never has Death's Angel
Entered this happy home,
Nor loved one from this circle
Do we weep for, or bemoan.
We give you joy, O! happy pair,
The best, that we can give
And pray the peace, you now enjoy,
Be yours, while you may live.

After supper the company was entertained by music and singing. The singing by Mr. Bailey, senior, accompanied by Mrs. Bailey, on the piano, of "Have you seen my Flora," and the "Brave old Oak," with wonderful effect, was very fine, and the remarks made by the family Physician were very efficacious, and created a great deal of merriment. At 10 o'clock the party broke up, wishing the worthy couple many happy anniversaries of their wedding.

THE COLD.—The open winter we enjoyed during the month of December, and in a hardly more severe form continued during the first week of January, "that with a snap," early this week, not soon to be forgotten, the thermometer ranging as low as fourteen degrees below zero in this immediate vicinity, while at West Bedford is registered twenty-six degrees below. The cold wave extended over our entire country, and there was a vast amount of suffering in consequence.

The hopes of the ice dealers dissolved rapidly Thursday afternoon and evening. Friday morning there were only faint vestiges of the snow and ice formations of the week. The storm was the most severe of any for months, and a large amount of ruin fell.

CALENDARS.—Last year, and in fact two previous years, the almost entire failure of the calendar crop was to us an indication that times were so hard that it was deemed useless to advertise in such a way. Per contra, this new year has brought with it a perfect avalanche of these very useful articles, and in their neat and trim faces we are sure we see promise of a bright future. Mr. Geo. Y. Wellington and I. N. Damon, Esq., in the insurance departments, the publisher of the Woburn Journal, and half a score of others will please accept thanks. The Journal furnished a very neatly printed one to each of its large list of subscribers. We are happy to say we were too busy in our job department, filling orders for others, to print one for ourselves, as we intended.

Just as we go to press we are in receipt of another handsomely printed calendar,—this one from the Boston Traveller.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. Samuel J. Murray, familiarly spoken of by his well-won title of Major, one of the numerous conductors of the B. & N. R. R. whose courtesy and uniform kindness is proverbial, enjoyed a marked expression of the friendship and esteem of the passengers who patronize his trains, last Wednesday morning. On the arrival of the first train in Boston, he was invited into the news room, where Mr. George F. Jordan, on behalf of his fellow passengers, presented Mr. Murray with a purse of seventy-five dollars. The list of donors is very large.

THE CHURCHES.

Rev. J. Lewis Merrill will preach at the Orthodox church next Sabbath. Services commence at 10.30.

St. John's church. The Bishop of Massachusetts is expected to preach and administer confirmation on Sunday afternoon next. Services begin at 2.45.

Rev. C. H. Spalding will commence, next Sabbath, a series of afternoon sermons on "Old Testament Characters." Next Sabbath the subject will be, "Asa; or, Faithfulness Rewarded."

At the Universalist church, Sunday morning, the pastor will by request repeat his sermon on "Making the Best of Life." All are invited.

LANDMARKS OF SCOTT.—This was the subject of the lecture before Bethel Lodge course, last Tuesday evening, by Wallace Bruce, Esq. The audience was small, and as a consequence the disagreeable echo in the hall rendered much the speaker said almost unintelligible to persons in the rear of the hall. The lecturer abounded in interesting historical facts, nicely grouped, and the speaker held the attention of his audience very closely. The next of the course will be given Jan. 22, by Rev. A. A. Willets, D. D.

SOCIABLE.—The third of Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter series occurs next Tuesday evening, in Masonic Hall, and the Messrs. Cheney have been engaged. Mr. Geo. L. is a tenor and humorous vocalist, who creates the utmost enthusiasm wherever he goes, more especially with his humorous songs, though he has a fine tenor voice, and Mr. Jas. W. ably seconds him with the accompanist. The evening's pleasures will close with a dance, as usual.

The speaker of the Mass. House of Representatives announced the various committees of the House for the ensuing session last Monday. We notice that Mr. William G. Peck, of Arlington, is assigned a position on the Education Committee, and that Mr. Winn, of Burlington, is on the Committee on Agriculture.

SPECIAL SERVICE.—Rev. Joseph E. Barry, of the "Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute," Boston, will explain the work of that mission, in the Unitarian church, Lexington, next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. The public are cordially invited.

ELECTION.—Members of the Arlington W. C. T. Union are reminded that a meeting for the choice of officers will occur next Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock. The secretary desires us to remind all that the annual assessment is now due.

Union meetings have been held during this past week of prayer by the Baptist and Orthodox churches, and there have also been separate meetings held by the same churches.

Next Tuesday evening the ladies of the W. C. T. Union will meet with the Arlington Reform Club. The evening will be made pleasant with singing, and other social exercises.

W. W. Rawson killed a hog on Thursday, which dressed 661 pounds. This, we believe, is the biggest yet. Who comes next.

During the storm of Thursday, the chimney on the west side of the Baptist church was blown over, slightly damaging the church on the inside.

Thursday papers announced the death of Victor Emanuel, and the prospect of peace in Europe increased by the brilliant victory of the Russians at Shipka.

The Billerica & Bedford N. G. R. R. has voted to go into bankruptcy. This result was reached last Monday.

[Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1878.

Ding-a-ling goes the front bell. "That's the mail-carrier, I know," says Helen, as she bounds out of her chair, tosses aside her embroidery, and runs to the window to take a coy peep through the half-closed blinds. "I was certain Bob wouldn't let another day pass without sending me a letter. Oh, yes, here it is—thank you Jane—Isn't it a heavy one, though; bless his heart, he always did write good long letters, and now that he's in Italy he will have so much more to tell me about the sunny hills and beautiful galleries—Hotel D'Eloisa, Florence, Italy, December 4, 1877. My Dear Helen: Here I am at last in Florence—that ideal Mecca to which I have been journeying for so many days, &c., &c."

Little by little Helen's voice died away, and soon the contents of the letter from her Bob was only to be interpreted by the tell-tale blushes which came and went on her beautiful face. She was so wrapt up in what she read that one could have envied her her happiness. That letter was truly a sorcerer. It has come all the way across the seas from far-away Italy to the very house where Helen lived, without accident. But suppose instead there had been an error in the direction; then Uncle Sam would have taken it, and first having it pronounced "dead" by the postmaster physician, would have buried it among the other dead letters in the great sepulchre he keeps for that purpose. Every day hundreds of precious and important

LETTERS GO ASTRAY.

and hundreds of hearts are made sick by hope deferred. In the early colonial times, so the old yellow pamphlet in the Department archives tells us, great pains were taken to recover letters which had been lost. A letter in those days was an expensive affair; paper cost a great deal, and the postage was considerable, ranging from twenty-five cents even up to one dollar; to say nothing of the annoyance of having to whistle out your own pen from the quill, and impressing on the back of the missive the immense seal so customary in those days. Some of these remarkable epistles are still to be seen at the Dead-Letter Office. Their faded lines and yellow appearance lures one into a deep reverie of those long-gone days, and the imagination pictures the writers who years ago have crumbled into dust from which they came.

From November, 1777, to December, 1789, all the letters that went astray are recorded in a book of forty-five pages. This covers a period of twelve years. A marked contrast is evident when it is known that for the year 1877 more than

FOUR MILLIONS OF DEAD LETTERS

were received by the Post-Office Department. For the handling of this immense number fifty-nine ladies and twenty-nine gentlemen are employed. It is an easy matter to talk about millions of letters, but when it is understood that each particular one has to be separated, handled, marked, inspected, and the majority opened and returned to the writer, the magnitude of the work can be imagined if not appreciated. When a letter is misdirected or the postage has not been pre-paid, it is sent by the postmaster immediately to the Dead-Letter Office with the other letters which have not been called for. Here they are opened by gentlemen who sit at long tables in the large cheerful room. If anything valuable is contained in them they are handed over to another division, where the contents are registered and placed in a large safe for future redemption. If there is nothing in them of value, they are sent up stairs, where the ladies inspect them, and if the address of the writer is found, the letter is enclosed to the person by whom it is written. If the letter has been retained for postage, a circular is sent to the person to whom it is addressed, informing him that a letter has been received at the Dead-Letter Office, directed to him, which will be forwarded upon receipt of the necessary postage. To this circular the Department receives many very funny replies. If no response is made within thirty days, it is treated as an ordinary dead letter.

THE GREAT AMOUNT OF MONEY

passing continually through the mails can be imagined when out of the dead letters alone—a small percentage—over \$50,000 in money and more than a million and a half in drafts and commercial paper was taken within the last year. All but about \$5000 of this has been returned to the writers. A great share of this comes from the mis- or non-directed letters. People seem to be so intent on what goes into the letter that they forget the superscription. It is a sad thought when one reflects upon the vast amount of suffering in many cases that comes from this neglect. Here, for instance, is an illustration—an exact copy of a letter received at the office not long since.

"My Dear Mag—I relieved your very wilkin letter yesterday it gave me grate ease of mind to hear that you are well as this leaves me in at present, thank God!"

The writer then adds a sad story of disappointment and disaster, and finished by saying: "I send you ten dollars for you need it more than I do."

Poor Mag! The \$10 for which she has longed and waited has gone into Uncle Sam's rich purse—not from choice, but from necessity.

A WONDERFUL RESURRECTION.

A few months ago an application was received for a letter which had a famous history. Forty-two years ago it missed its destination and landed in the Dead-Letter Office. No call was made for it, and there it remained in the archives till the descendants of the writer, wishing to prove their right to the property, obtained from old Journals that the deed had been mailed at such a time to such a person, but had never reached its destination. They then made application to the department for the letter. The odds were so greatly against them that their surprise must have been boundless when the old yellow document was returned to them just as it had been mailed over forty years ago.

A ROMANCE.

Every day there comes with the list from Philadelphia a letter enclosed in a plain white envelope and addressed in the chirography of a woman, to "Edward P. Ewing," simply this and nothing more. The lady never signs anything but her initials, hence the letters cannot be returned to her. Here is the subject for a romantic novel. One can imagine a broken-hearted woman every day sending a letter out into the world to her lost lover, in the vain hope that some day it may reach his hands. She does not know his whereabouts, so she sends her letter out, directed anywhere, nowhere, hoping, yet despairing of its ever reaching him.

THE MUSEUM.

has been given up, owing to the lack of room. Major Dallas, the genial chief of the office, has been making every endeavor to have it reopened, but there seems to be little chance of his success until Congress takes some active interest in the matter. In the museum: one of the most interesting features would be the immense photograph album, which is a great study in itself. As your correspondent left this interesting place he couldn't help thinking how much trouble and sadness would be averted if people would only direct their letters in a loud hand, as Pat did when writing to his deaf grandmother, making the superscription plain and full, or if this does not suit the ladies let them always add their addresses to their letters and they will never be lost.

FAX.

DAY DREAMS.

Imagination is one of our noblest faculties, combining ideas which we have already acquired into forms of grace or sublimity, of tender loveliness or kindling eloquence. It not only inspires the tongue of the orator and the pen of the poet, and makes their audiences smile and weep in sympathy, but it clothes our every-day world in attractive drapery, and infuses a pure and tender happiness all through our matter of fact life. It is also a most valuable instrument of man's excellence and improvement, presenting ideals for him to follow, picturing successes he is to achieve and triumphs he is to win. It presides over the plays of the nursery, investing them with mimic dignity; it dresses the hopes of the ardent youth in graceful forms and glowing colors; it inspires the labor of the earnest toiler; it inclines the heart to sympathy and the hand to mercy; it strengthens the force of enthusiasm, and sweetens the cup of innocent pleasure.

It is, however, very necessary to distinguish this inestimable faculty from an idle and fruitless reverie which many persons indulge, and attempt to dignify by calling it imagination. It is much easier to fancy what we should like to have, what position we should like to fill, what we wish we were, and how we should act if different circumstances surrounded us, than it is to put forth the efforts and self-denial necessary to make such attainments. Thus a large proportion of life is consumed in this manner. This habit is justly called day dreaming, for, as in sleep, the brain, deprived of the power of will to direct it, weaves cobwebs that the first breath of consciousness dispels—so in this listless condition the mind, uncontrolled and unguided, brings forth specious fallacies that reason, when fully aroused, will utterly dissipate.

These day dreams are sometimes defended on the ground that, if useless, they are at least harmless; that if they confer no benefit, they inflict no injury. This, however, cannot be the case. Nothing occupies so neutral a position. Uselessness is of itself an injury, but, beside this, the habit of idle reverie produces positive evils. Valuable time is wasted, energy is frittered away, the mind is enfeebled, the present actual life is rendered tame and insipid. When a youth acquires the habit of brooding over a possible manhood, full of power and honor, with wealth to supply every desire, and a name that is to command the homage of all, with friends to exult in his prosperity, and acquaintances to be proud of his notice—when his pictures to himself how meekly he will

bear his honors, how widely he will exert his influence, how judiciously he will expend his riches, how liberally he will scatter his charities, he is positively unfitting himself for present duty, and rendering any attainment of his dreams an utter impossibility. He awakes from such a reverie only to contrast it bitterly with his actual condition, and to experience a sickening disgust with real life and its slow, prosaic, up-hill course. These gay visions have danced before him in all their brilliancy, but have given him no glimpse of the toil, the self-denial, the patience, the perseverance, the struggles that alone can lead to their fulfillment or make it even a possibility. Thus they sow the seeds of their own failure, and inflict hopeless and repeated disappointments.

Far different is the action of a wisely cultured imagination. The reason and will power have not abdicated in its favor, but gladly welcome it into their counsels. The energies are not laid aside and weakened, but called forth into continual action. The pictures drawn are not those of exaggerated fancy, but of practical attainment. There is no painful and fksome return to real life, for its conceptions are those of truth, and such as a noble and laborious life may realize. The chief difference, however, is that the day dream pictures only pleasure without effort, while true imagination ever connects the two. Thus while one gives us fairly colored views of life, and leaves us powerless and discouraged, the other gently leads us upward, and teaches us how, through energy and toil, self-denial and patience, to win whatever is really worth desiring.

Lexington Locals.

We are reminded by a correspondent, that we gave no mention of the installation of Rev. J. Lewis Merrill, as pastor of the Orthodox church, Arlington, on Thursday of last week. We did not think our Lexington people would be specially interested, and our report for the Arlington paper was not put in type until after the Lexington paper had been printed. We reproduce the closing paragraph:—

Rev. Charles Weatherby selected his text from Acts, 11:24—"For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith." His discourse was eloquent and scholarly, but our narrow limits will not admit of a report of it, or of the beautifully instructive charge to the pastor, by Rev. Mr. Greene, of Lowell. The right hand of fellowship, extended by Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, was very hearty. His allusions to matters of local interest were most happy, and the cordiality of his welcome on behalf of the sister churches in this neighborhood will be fully sustained by word and deed, we are confident. Mr. McKenzie's charge to the people was unexpected in its tone and matter and was calculated to "stir up to remembrance," not only the people he was addressing but all who heard his eloquent and impressive words, and the responsibilities forced upon them cannot be shaken off. The exercises were quite protracted, but so interesting as not to become wearisome and closed with the benediction by the pastor.

A BAD SLIDE.—Thursday evening, just after the 5.20 P. M., train from Boston arrived at the depot at Lexington centre, the snow upon the roof suddenly began to slide, and came down with a crash upon the depot carriage of Mr. A. W. Phillips, crushing in the top and otherwise damaging it. The horse was frightened, and turning suddenly, ran toward the stable, but was stopped before he had gone very far. Two lady passengers were in the train, who escaped without injury, beyond damaged hats, etc. Mr. M. H. Merriam's horse was also frightened by the slide, and ran away, stopping of his own accord in the yard of Mr. L. W. Wright's residence. It was very fortunate the accident had no more serious final.

SURPRISE.—"Messrs. Charles T. Smith and Pliny Bliss were taken by surprise at their residence in North Lexington, last Tuesday evening, by numerous Lincoln and Lexington friends. Messrs. S. and B., with their wives, were equal to the occasion, and a very happy time was enjoyed by all." So writes a friend of ours who made one of the party, and as he was there, we are sure all had a good time.

CONCERT AND DANCE.—On the evening of Friday, January 18, those who desire to help sustain a good band can do so by attending the promenade concert and dance, given by the Concord Brass Band. The band enjoy a good reputation at home.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—During the past week union meetings have been held by the Baptist and Orthodox churches in different parts of the town, and also at the Baptist and Hancock church. The attendance has been good, and the meetings very interesting.

The crowded state of our columns prevents our giving a most excellent article on "Our New Art School," delivered before the Hancock Literary Association, last Wednesday evening. It will be given next week.

The dates for the examinations of the public schools will be announced next week.

at this office.

